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If not paid within six months, fifty cents addi-
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neatness and dispatch, at the Register Office.
Orders by mail or otherwise will receive prompt
attention.

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E. R. WRIGHT, Attorney & Coun-
seller, and Solicitor in Chancery,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

O. E. ROSS, M.D., Surgeon and
Physician, Office next door to Ira W.
Clark's Law Office. Room at C. J. Rogers's.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

LANGWORTHY & BOND, Dealers
in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-made Clo-
thing, Boots and Shoes, Gent's Furnishings,
&c., &c. 817
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. J. BLISS, Dealer in Fancy and
Staple Dry Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, Cor-
sets, Hosiery, Gloves, &c., &c.
BRANDON, VT.

OZRO MEACHAM, Dealer in Ren-
dy-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks,
Valises, Furnishing Goods, &c. BRANDON, VT.

E. W. JUDD, Manufacturer and
dealer in all kinds of American and For-
eign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With North
Middlebury Marble Co. 117

E. R. CLAY, Dealer in Millinery
and Fancy Goods.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

REV. E. SMITH, Agent for the Mar-
tial Life Insurance Company of New York.
Office at his residence. 207

SHINGLES AND CLAPBOARDS
on hand and for sale at my yard.
O. F. COMSTOCK, 206m
Middlebury, Oct. 16, 1869.

M. H. WELCH, Dealer in Shelf
and Heavy Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails,
Brasses, Cordage, Mechanics' Tools, &c., &c.
Repairing done to order.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

H. W. BREWSTER, Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches, Silver and
Plated Ware, of every description. All kinds of
Repairing done at the lowest rates.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. S. ATWOOD & SON, Dealers
in Dry Goods, Groceries, Paints, Oils,
Drugs, &c.
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County. Office, next door to Ira W. Clark's
Law Office.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

IRA W. CLARK, Attorney & Coun-
seller at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery.
Particular attention paid to Bookkeeping. 81-83
to Insure and protect to satisfaction.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

THOMAS H. McLEOD, Attorney
and Commissioner at Law, Solicitor in Chan-
cery, and Clerk of Court. Office at the Court
West end of the Bridge. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEWART & ELDREDGE, Attor-
neys and Commissioners at Law,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

D. S. T. ROWLEY, Eclectic Physi-
cian. At his residence on Seymour
Street, 917
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

U. D. TWITCHELL, Wood Printer
and Dealer in Paper.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

M. H. EDDY, M.D., Physician
and Surgeon. Office at the corner of
over Shinn's. 206-207
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

C. G. STEELE, Agent for Connecticut
Mutual Life Insurance Company, Office
in Downtown's Store. Office hours, from 9 to 11
A. M.

O. S. DICKINSON, Dealer in
Watches and Fine Jewels, Silver and
Plated Ware of every description. Next door
to the Post Office. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

S. G. TISDALE, Manufacturer of
Machine-made Sash, Blinds, Stoves
and Stingers, Heating Iron, Bars and Fencing,
also, bills of extra Lumber cut out to order.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Ripton, Vt., Oct. 16, 1869. 206m

J. H. SIMMONS & CO., Dealers
in Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials,
Magazines, Newspapers, Pictures, and Picture
Frames.—Brookfield, Vt.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

A. J. STYLES, Photographer, Op-
posite Post Office.
Pictures of all kinds made in the most perfect
manner. Frames, in Gilt, Black, Walnut and
Rosewood. Albums in Great variety. S. R.—
Particular attention paid to copying and enlarging
old pictures. Photographs in Oil, Water
Colors, or India Ink.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DOORS, SASH & BLINDS. The
subscribers would give notice that
they are prepared to fill orders on short notice for
all sizes and styles of Doors, Sash and Blinds, from
thoroughly seasoned and kiln-dried lumber. We
also keep constantly on hand a large stock of ready
made casement window frames. A large stock of
Lumber constantly on hand. (TOWDEN, 1808-
WORTH & CO., Bristol, Vt. 186m

GRIST MILL.
—
FLOUR, GRAIN & FEED STORE.
—
The subscriber having leased the
GRIST MILL.
—
of the Middlebury Manufacturing Co. for a term
of years, and connected it with my
FEED STORE,
and having repaired the Mill thoroughly at a
large expense with new machinery and employ of
one of the
BEST MILLERS IN THE STATE,
am prepared to grind any amount of grain at
short notice.
GRIST MILL.
—
Ground every day in the week.
The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand
OATS,
CORN,
FLOUR,
BRAN,
MIXED FEEDS,
OIL MEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
INDIAN MEAL,
FLOUR OF BONE,
And various other articles. Will sell at small
margin for a cash, for cash.
V. V. CLAY,
317

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIII

MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1869.

NO. 46

FOUND!

FOUND!

The place to buy
GOODS CHEAP.

And any one that will call and examine

LANGWORTHY & BOND'S

STOCK.

Will acknowledge that they are selling Goods at
the very lowest prices.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

OVERCOATS & SUITS—All Styles and Prices

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Everything a man wants.

HATS & CAPS.

A splendid assortment.

BOOTS.

An extra stock, sold very low.

RUBBER GOODS.

In Hats, Caps, Boots and Overboots.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
AND PROVISIONS.

at the lowest possible prices.

CASH AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

taken for pay.

Please call and satisfy yourselves.

U. G. LANGWORTHY, FRANK A. BOND
Middlebury, Sept. 14th, 1868. 70

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSUR-
ANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Office, No. 112 Broadway, cor. of Fulton st.
Assets over \$1,000,000
Dividend, Jan. 1, 1868, 50 percent.
Life Insurance; Annuities; Endowment etc.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
EDWARD A. JONES, J. C. Deane, J. R. Dow, H.
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well, S. C. Deane, T. B. Van Buren, H. B. and
George Johnson, W. A. Cummings, J. A. Haley,
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Wright, M. D., H. E. Worthington, John Deane
and
FREDERICK A. JONES, President,
JOSEPH A. HALEY, Vice-President,
JOHN A. MONTGOMERY, Secretary

H. E. PECK, General Agent
for Northern Vermont,
West Cornwall, Vt.

From report for 1868, of Hon. William Barnes,
Superintendent of Insurance, New York:
"It does not always follow, as is sometimes
supposed, that a purely Mutual Company is the
most profitable one to the insured; mixed com-
panies, or those substantially mutual, may, by
superior skill and other advantages, actually make
the largest dividend to a single policyholder."
The National Life Insurance Company has a
paid-up capital of \$1,000,000, thus combining all
the advantages of the Stock plan with the purely
Mutual, securing greater safety, with less expen-
se, than either system singly. 43

PAID AND WINTER STYLES
FOR 1869.

JUST RECEIVED.

WM. SLADE.

Having just returned from New York, office at
Lowe's Prices the largest and best assort-
ment of
MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS
ever brought into this County.
Hats and Bonnets—Latest Styles
Ribbons,
Flowers,
French Flowers,
Blond Lace, &c.
I have also a large lot of
DRESS & CLOAK TRIMMINGS,
Bullion Fringes and heading to match, Dress Ma-
terials, Laces, Ribbons, Shawls, French Shawls, &c.
I have this day received 25 dozen
DUTCH KID GLOVES
a fine assortment of
CLOAKING & READY-MADE CLOAKS,
and a good line of
DOUBLE & SINGLE SHAWLS,
Winter Gloves, a large line of Linen Collars and
Cuffs, also, Kid Gloves, Sets, and Real Thread
Lace Collars, Linen Handkerchiefs, trimmed,
stitched, plain and lace, French Corsets, Braiding
Patterns, &c., &c.
I have a large lot of Warranted Goods, consisting
of Breakfast Shawls, Jackets, Leggings, Nylons,
Hosiery, Children's Caps, Scarfs, &c.
LADIES TRAVELLING BASKETS,
In Zephyr, Worsted, and Wool, and BEAT!
keeping the real Bergamot, weighing 2 ounces to be
found more than any other brand.
Ladies, don't forget that Slade's is the place to get
REAL BLUE SHIRTWEES,
Linen and Cuffs, Soap, Perfumery.
I hope the Ladies will not forget that I keep
constantly on hand
FANCY HEAD DRESSES AND DRESS CAPS
And the above articles I offer Cheap for Cash
and thanking the public for past favors I desire
continuance of the same.
WM. SLADE,
Middlebury, Sept. 28, 1868. 50

Select Poetry.

The Type Setter.

Written on having a friend called "talented
for a mere Type Setter."

BY J. L. DATES.

"A mere type setter!" still a man
The world, perchance, may well revile;
Unknown, unnoticed, one who can
Have sought to hope and sought to fear;
Yet, who's the kindly sceptered hand,
The brow that wears a princely gem,
That yields so well a wide command—
Whose "strick" may make a diadem.

"A mere type setter!" Let us see:
Who gave the glorious stripes to atr,
That mark the banner of the free,
And bound the stars that glimmer there?
Who turned the bolt of heaven aside,
And conquered his ethereal fire?
Who bade the lightning harmless glide
Along his magic wand of wire?

"A mere type setter!" Search the past,
The records of each battle-field:
Who maddened our colors to the mast,
And died because they would not yield?
Who taught our hand to strike the blow,
Through toil and danger, and distress,
That saved England's chain of war?
Who but the masters of the Press?

"A mere type setter!" Name of fear,
To bid the slave to freedom wake—
To bid the tyrant quake to hear,
And bid oppression's empire shake!
Is Franklin a forgotten name?
That man no longer may revive?
Has Franklin lost his soul of flame,
Or Greece dropped his pen, or fear?

"A mere type setter!" Honored name,
That ages yet unborn may bless,
When empires crumble, and their name
Has sunk in worse than nothingness;
Show me the things which were dear to him,
The "mere type setter's" humble abode,
And I'll show you an age of pride,
As brainless as the Dandy Foot!

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when another pull at the bell was heard,
and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with
a queer sort of a smile while they made
speeches expressive of sorrow at the
nature of their visit. At last, stepping
them—

"Enough, boys, enough!" said he. "Let
me find some better subject to discuss than
the state of an old man's health. I haven't
seen much of you up to the present time,
and for any things I know, you may be
rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince
under this address; but Peter Finch sat
calm and confident.

"To put the case," said Mr. Collett,
"this morning a poor wretch of a garden-
er came begging here. He could get no
work, it seems, and he said he was starving."
Well, I know something about the
fellow, and I believe he only told the
truth; so I gave him a shilling to get rid
of him. Now I'm afraid I did wrong.

What reason had I for giving him a shil-
ling? What claim had he on me? The
value of his labor in the market is all a
working man has a right to; and when
his labor is of no value, why, then he
must go to the devil, or wherever else he
can. Ah, Peter! That's my philosophy—
what do you think?

"I quite agree with you. The value
of their labor in the market is all that
laborer can pretend—all that they
should have. Nothing acts more perni-
ciously than the absurd support called
charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Collett. "You're
a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear
boy, go on."

"What results from charitable aid?"
continued Peter. "The value of labor is
kept at an unnatural level. State charity
is State robbery; private charity is pub-
lic wrong."

"That's it," said Mr. Collett.
"I don't believe it," said John.—
"You were quite right to give the man a
shilling; I'd have given him a shilling
myself."

"O! you would—would you?" said
Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with
your shillings. Would you fly in the face
of all orthodox political economy, you
Vandal?"

"Yes," said John, "as the Vandals
flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed
what had become a falsehood and a mis-
sense."

"Your John!" said Mr. Collett. "We
shall never make anything of him, Peter.
Really, we'd better talk about some-
thing else. John, tell us about the last
new novel."

They conversed on various topics, until
the arrival of the invalid's early bed-
time, parted the uncle and nephews for
the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity the
next morning to speak with John Meade
alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of our
interest. What occasion for you to be so
violent last night, and contradict Mr. Col-
lett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch
laughing to himself. John, you must be
more careful, or we shall never be mar-
ried."

"Well, Mary, I'll do my best," said
John. "It was that confounded Peter,
with his chain of iron maxims, that
made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg
myself."

"Thank heaven, you're not!" said
Mary, "but an iceberg floats thick of
that, John. Remember, every time you
offend Mr. Collett, you please Peter
Finch."

"So I do," said John. "Yes, I'll remem-
ber that."

"If you would only try to be mean and
hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a little
to begin with. You would only stoop to
conquer."

"May I gain my deserts then!" said
John. "Are you not to be my loving wife,
Mary? Are you not to sit at needle work
in my studio, whilst I paint my great
historical picture? How can this come
to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for
us?"

"Ah! how indeed!" said Mary. "But
here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming
in the gate from his walk. I leave
you together. And so saying she with-
drew."

"What, Meade!" said Peter as he en-
tered, skulking indoors of a fine morning
like this; I've been through all the vil-
lage. Not an ugly place, but wants
looking after sadly. Roads shamefully
muddy; pigs allowed to walk on the foot-
path!"

"Dreadful!" said John.

"I say, you came out pretty strong last
night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old
man. But I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought
John.

"O, when I was a youth I thought a
little that way myself," said Peter. "But
the world—the world, my dear sir,
soon cures us all of romantic notions. I
regret of course, to see people misera-
ble. What can't be cured must be en-
dured."

"Exactly so," said John.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave
his bed. About noon he requested to see
them in his bedroom. They found him
propped up on pillows, very weak, but in
good spirits, as usual.

"Well, boys, said he, here I am you
see, brought to anchor at last. The doc-
tor will soon be here, I suppose, to shake
his head and write recipes. All hum-
bug, my boys. Patients can do as well
for themselves. I believe, as doctors can
do for them; they're all in the dark to-
gether—the only difference is that patients
grope in the English and the doctors in
the Latin."

"You are too skeptical," said John
Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us

change the subject. I want your services,
Peter and John on a matter that concerns
your interests. I'm going to make my
will to day, and I don't know how to
act about your cousin, Emma Briggs.
Emma disgraced us by marrying an oil
man."

"An oil man?" said John.

"A vulgar, shocking man," said Mr.
Collett; "a wretch who not only sold oil,
but soap, candles, turpentine, black lead
and brooms. It was a dreadful blow to
the family. Her poor grandfather never
got over it. Well, Briggs, the old man,
died last week, and his widow has writ-
ten to me asking for assistance. Now I
have thought of leaving her a hundred a
year in my will. What do you think